

VOL. 15--NO. 10.

Orleans County Monitor, PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY GEO. H. BLAKE, BARTON, VT.

TERMS--TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR. Strictly in advance \$1.50. Subscribers living out of Orleans County must remit 10 cents extra for postage. For convenience in remitting, we will give credit for one year and four months for \$2.00, to subscribers in the county, and one year and three or \$2.00 to subscribers without the county, when sent strictly in advance.

Business Directory.

- A. W. BALDWIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, BARTON, VT.
- BARTON NATIONAL BANK, BUSINESS Hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m. From 2 to 4 p. m. AMORY DAVENPORT, President, H. K. DAVENPORT, Cashier.
- CHARLES GRAVES, Agent for Connecticut General Life Insurance Co., Barton, VT.
- P. SHIELDS, CARPENTER AND JOINER, BARTON, VT. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. 14-1
- C. F. PERCIVAL, DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASES, BARTON, VT.
- J. A. PEARSON, DENTIST, BARTON, VT. OFFICE IN J. H. BROWN'S BLOCK.
- J. B. FREEMAN, DEALER IN MARKET BUTTER AND EGGS, WILL BE AT THE MARKET IN BARTON'S BLOCK EVERY SATURDAY, AND WILL TAKE IN GOODS EVERY WEEK DAY AT HIS HOUSE. Highest living prices paid in Cash, Barton, VT.
- J. N. WEBSTER, FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE. Represented. Correspondence by mail promptly answered. 14-1
- A. C. PARKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BARTON, VT. Fire and Accident Insurance Agent.
- W. G. HANCOCK, AUCTIONEER, ALWAYS READY TO AT-TEND. Good sales on short notice. 14-1
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- DR. O. A. BEMIS, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, CHARTERSBURY, VT. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 2 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. 14-1
- J. E. DWINELE, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN FUR-niture, coffins, caskets, carpets, room paper, etc., Glover, Vt. 15-1
- E. M. SHAW, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Inverness, Vt. 14-3
- J. C. CAMPBELL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ALBANY, VT. Office hours: 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 2 p. m., and 6 to 8 p. m. 14-3
- G. W. ORNE, SUCCESSOR TO A. F. BROCKWAY, DEAL-ER in clocks, watches, jewelry, and silver ware. Fine watch repairing a specialty. Barton Landing, Vt. 14-38

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure.



NEW HOME Sewing Machine.

Having been appointed Sole Agent for this county for the celebrated and popular New Home Sewing Machine, I am prepared to show this machine at my home in Inverness, or will carry it to any place in the county where the family wishes to examine and test it with a view to purchase. Address: JOHN ORNE, Inverness, Apr. 27.

THE VERMONT SUGAR EVAPORATORS. CONTINUE TO maintain their reputation for producing the highest quality of sugar. 14-1

READ. The dog star a Skye terrier. All that is left of Athens is a spot of Greece. Circuit Court--Sneaking around the house to avoid the dog. It's the little things that tell--especially the little brothers and sisters. Woman is not much of a philosopher, but she is proverbially a clothes observer. "What is your idea of love, Mr. Sin-nick?" "Three meals a day and well cooked." The one leading lady that society recognizes is the one who conducts a pug with a string. If you only practice long enough at setting a steel trap, you are sure to get your hand in. The human mouth is a vast thing, after all. It sometimes contains a good many aches. A New York paper declares that "all the politicians are at sea." Then swam the boat--quick! Sydney Smith once described a man as so dry that, if it were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, sawdust would come out. Miss Carrie Danna, of Cincinnati was married the other day. Her name is known wherever the English language is spoken. Uncle George--And so you go to school now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best? Johnny--The exercises we get at recess. The difference between a poor angler, Sophronia, and the fish he tries to catch is that the angler waits for the fish, while the fish waits for the angler. When the teacher asked a little girl what Joseph and Mary went up to the temple for, the answer was, "To the feast of the turnover." Said Brougham when he was a struggling lawyer: "Circumstances alter cases, but I wish I could get hold of some in the hash it will not be too long to swallow. Uncle--"Ah, my dear, how rosy your cheeks are! I suppose the seaside and mountains did that." Niece--"No, uncle, that was done in mamma's dressing-room."

Are You Thinking of Purchasing A New Outfit To-day? Underwear, Hats, Caps, Shirts Col-lars, Cuffs, NECKWEAR, GLOVES, MITTENS, Gents' Furnishings. Overcoats and Ulsters. SPECIAL BARGAINS IN Suits, Odd Pants and Vests. CHENEY'S Clothing Store.

CHENEY'S SOAP. No Wash Boiler! No Steam! No Odor! Saves Fuel! Saves Labor! Saves Time! Saves Money! FLORENCE SOAP CO., NEW YORK. "WOOD'S" PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS. EXCEL ALL OTHERS. J. THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

The Winter of the Year.

It is the winter of the year! O'er buried flowers the snow drifts lie; The storms have veiled with ashen gray The blueness of the summer sky. No brooks in babbling rills are heard, No birds are singing in the hedge, No vernal nodding in the sun Beside the brooklet's frozen edge; Yet to the leafless, broken boughs, The greenest mosses closely cling, And near the stern winter's stormy verge Soft foot the prophetic air of spring.

The Land of Thus-and-So. "How would Willie like to go To the land of Thus-and-So? Everything is precisely so: All the children comb their hair Smoothly, and the feet of cats, On the nap of high silk lace, Every face is clean and white. As a violet washed in light; Never vagrant soil or speck From the forehead, throat or neck; Every little crimped ear, In and out as pure and clear As the cherry-blossom's blow, In the land of Thus-and-So."

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A SOLDIER'S TRUST.

BY DAVID LOWMY.

"How we will live Heaven only knows! All is dark now." Mrs. Paine sat down suddenly and lifted her hand to her eyes. Her daughter, Caroline, a bright, pretty girl of seventeen, noted among her associates for her energy and resolution, caught her breath suddenly. She was going to cry, but resolved not to yield now when her mother was overcome with dread of the future.

The world had been the average woman to Elton Paine. She had enjoyed its sweets till the war came and robbed her of her husband for years. There were some jobs in life's journey when he came home. He was not as strong as when he went away--lost time, and of choice changed his vocation. Still content sweetened the things the gods provided the Paines through sickness and idleness, the increasing family and growing responsibilities all were accepted cheerfully till one day the sun seemed to drop out of the firmament. Andrew Paine was brought home with a conscious, a terrible accident had happened; in twenty-four hours Mrs. Paine was a widow.

Sudden death. Providence raised a friend to her in her brother-in-law, who found work for his nephew, and thus the roof over Mrs. Paine's head. But death claimed one more, and then the burden began to fall on Caroline. The mother strove to lighten it--to make the girl's life as joyous as she could. It was a dull life at best; the girl began to feel the weight of the world. The future looked dark, but the uncle still turned the cloud aside until the silver lining showed again.

Suddenly death stopped. Then it really seemed as if all the world stopped, so far as Mrs. Paine and her daughter were concerned. The establishment where Caroline worked ceased operations unexpectedly. Mrs. Paine was unable to move a hand that moment. Would they ever, even if work offered again, be able to catch up to repay for the land of Thus-and-So? The mother and daughter asked themselves an hundred times.

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Some Peculiar People.

The ludicrous man. He is happy only when he is miserable. But then, he is almost always miserable. Come what may, he can find something to be miserable about. When the rain falls, the annoying drop for other people, it makes miserable mud for him, and when the sunshine dries the vexing mud for others, it makes something to be miserable about for him. In his life every silver lining has its cloud. If by any chance there comes a time when there is nothing to mourn for he sends out his imagination to find something. If the weather is just as he wishes it to be he sets himself to find something to be miserable about. He is in a sweat most of the time. When he has no troubles of his own he shoulders some of those which his neighbors ought to have. He mourns to see Jones eating hard-boiled eggs year after year in utter unconsciousness that he is ruining his digestion. It grieves him to know that Smith keeps right on riding a bicycle after he has been warned time and again of the dreadful consequences of a "header," and it tears his very soul to see Robinson persist in wearing a plug hat without an arcticle in it. When it has been demonstrated so very clearly that this sort of thing has been known to produce baldness. The ludicrous man is a man who makes people laugh at him, but after all he serves a purpose. If he absorbs all the sadness of his neighborhood he leaves the rest of the people comparatively free to enjoy themselves as they go.

The funny man. He isn't funny, but that is not his fault. He tries hard enough. He seems to think the aim of all proper jest is to make people laugh at him; and sometimes he accomplishes this. Most of the people, however, laugh at him when he is not around. You will find him wherever there is a crowd. No matter what the object of the assemblage may be, he is there with his joke. He sits at the barbershop waiting his turn and tells the barber to be careful not to dull his razor on his friend's cheek. This being a joke he laughs at it. How would anybody know it was funny if nobody laughed at it? Presumably he has no sense, and he tells the barber that he will make no charge for letting him hone his razor on his friend's cheek. Nobody laughs, and he ventures to tell the barber that he will make no charge for letting him hone his razor on his friend's cheek. Still nobody laughs--that is, nobody but himself, and that is sublimely absurd. He is a man who makes people laugh at him, but after all he serves a purpose. If he absorbs all the sadness of his neighborhood he leaves the rest of the people comparatively free to enjoy themselves as they go.

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HE HAD NERVE.

The Traveling Printer and an Iowa Town. I had been in the *Bagley* office, in a town in Iowa, about four months when the editor was one day called away. The man who was acting as compositor, pressman, job printer, collector, solicitor, and all the rest of the things that a traveling printer has to do, was called away. I was thus left in sole charge. Just after dinner, as I was generally in the habit of doing, I walked the first old printer bump I had ever seen. The dusts on his back weren't worth a silver quarter, his hair was long and unkempt, his face covered with dirt and bristles, and his breath smelt of the room. He was ragged, dirty, homeless, and penniless, and had been let out of the county jail, eight miles away, that morning. "Howdy, boy," he said as he came in, and without a second glance at me he took a seat at the desk and attacked the remains of my lunch. When he had eaten the last crumb he picked his teeth with the editorial pen, peeled off his old coat, and commanded: "Howdy, boy, hunt me up a job stick."

I obeyed, and as he took it he walked over to the rack, slung in two or three lines of display type, and then stepped to the small piece and set up the body of a circular reading. "He has Arrived!" Ventriologist! Mesmerist! Phenomenologist! Prof. Peters has engaged Snyder's hall for the evening of Sept. 22, 1886 (tomorrow evening), and will give the citizens of Carver City an exhibition of his wonderful powers in ventriloquism, mesmerism, and phenology. Will illustrate the notes of all birds; will speak to you in sixteen languages; will wager \$100 to \$5 that he can mesmerize any person in the audience who can read a character by feeling of your head; will forfeit \$500 if he fails in a single case. Medals from all the crowned heads of Europe. Flattering press notices from the leading newspapers of the world. Everybody turn out. Admission only 25 cents. Children free.

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MUMMIES FOUND IN PERU.

The ancient city of Pachacamac was long, long ago the Mecca of South America. The name means "He who animates the Universe." It was a resort of pilgrims from far and near, and also the burial-place of tens of thousands of ancient dead, and from a study of many mummies found there has much light been given to old-time customs. Many of these were enveloped in a braided network or sack of rushes or coarse grass, bound closely about the body by plaited cords; just beneath these coverings were wrappings of stout, plain cotton cloth, fastened by a gay cord of llama wool, and about next the body a garment of finer texture; the body itself revealed a mahogany-colored surface. The implements of the person's trade were inclosed among these many wrappings, also a copper coin. About women mummies were wrapped finer cloth, and always a comb grasped in one hand; this seemed as if made from the rays of fishes' fins, having for handle the hard, woody part of the dwarf palm. In the other hand lay a cane-handled fan, its ornamentation the feathers of parrots and humming-birds. About the neck were three strings of shells, and, as with the men, domestic implements lay between the various coverings--an ancient spindle for cotton-spinning, half covered with spun thread, as if death had surprised the woman busy with her daily toil.

Upon a mummy was discovered seated upon a work-box containing bits of knitting-wool, weaving implements, skeins and spools of thread, needles of bone and bronze, a comb, knife, fan--the small domestic properties given to one opening to fair sweet womanhood--then was it understood that a maiden in her youth and beauty had been laid away; that the sleep of death had come with unexpected summons, for at hand were her cosmetic tubes--bird bones, these with a wad of cotton to close the opening, and with some sort of a little mill for grinding and preparing the pigments. Added to these was a mirror--a piece of iron pyrites shaped like half an egg, the plane side of it highly polished. The maiden's hair was braided; a thin narrow bracelet encircled one arm; there was also an ornamental golden butterfly; and between the feet of the young girl lay the dried body of a pet bird--oftenest a parrot was thus honored.

CHINESE MOTHER-WIT. A noted liar once told a friend that he had at home three precious things: a bullock which could run 1,000 li a day; a fowl which crowed at the beginning of each watch, day and night; and a dog that could read books. The friend intimated that he would lose no time in seeing with his own eyes, these marvels. The man did not expect this, as his house was somewhat distant. So he went home and told his wife that he had got caught at last, and that on the morrow the man would arrive and he would be disgraced. "Never mind," said his spouse, "leave that to me. It will be all right, only you must keep out of sight." Next morning the visitor arrived, and, being met by the mistress, asked where her husband was. "He's gone to Pekin," she replied. "When will he be back?" "In eight or nine days." "Why, how can he be so quick?" "He has gone off on our fast bullock, and caud it easily." "I hear you have also a wonderful fowl," said the visitor; and behold, as he was speaking, a small cock crew. "That's it," said the wife; "he crows at the beginning of each watch, and also when a visitor arrives." "I would like to see the learned dog," he said. "Ah," said she, "I'm sorry, but you see we are very poor. So he keeps a school in the city."

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THE TRAVELING PRINTER AND AN IOWA TOWN.

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THE TRAVELING PRINTER AND AN IOWA TOWN.

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I obeyed, and as he took it he walked over to the rack, slung in two or three lines of display type, and then stepped to the small piece and set up the body of a circular reading. "He has Arrived!" Ventriologist! Mesmerist! Phenomenologist! Prof. Peters has engaged Snyder's hall for the evening of Sept. 22, 1886 (tomorrow evening), and will give the citizens of Carver City an exhibition of his wonderful powers in ventriloquism, mesmerism, and phenology. Will illustrate the notes of all birds; will speak to you in sixteen languages; will wager \$100 to \$5 that he can mesmerize any person in the audience who can read a character by feeling of your head; will forfeit \$500 if he fails in a single case. Medals from all the crowned heads of Europe. Flattering press notices from the leading newspapers of the world. Everybody turn out. Admission only 25 cents. Children free.

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Before the question was answered, the questioner's face was as pale as a sheet. The uncle, Arthur Paine, was summoned to his final account with more swiftness than his brother. The two women--one a young girl, broken hearted, and the other a woman, the mother of the girl, who had been unable to move a hand that moment. Would they ever, even if work offered again, be able to catch up to repay for the land of Thus-and-So? The mother and daughter asked themselves an hundred times.

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